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A CAR TO KILLARNEY.

A RIDE TO KILLARNEY.

This print which we believe is a picture from real life, certainly corresponds pretty well with some of the accounts we

have heard and read of travelling in some parts of Ireland. The author of "The Stranger in Ireland," (one of the earliest

descriptions we recollect of familiar scenes in that country,) gave a humorous picture of the public vehicles in use in his time, about forty years ago. In our days the case is materially different on the principal routes; all the improvements of the sister island have been to a considerable extent introduced. Steamboats, of great size and elegant construction, now plough St. George's Channel, and railroad cars await the traveller on his arrival, to transport him, with the rapidity and luxury of England.

The rich soil and deep verdure of Ireland are peculiarly attractive to the eye; and the northern latitude in which it is placed, renders its mild climate and luxuriant pastures doubly grateful to the sight. The view often embraces a wide extent of country, level or varied by gentle undulations; while in some parts we may find sufficient irregularity of surface, to afford scenery of a character decidedly picturesque, especially on the shores of several of the Lakes, which form leading objects in every tour through the island. In some places, also, the coast scenes are rude and wild; and near the north-eastern extremity is the celebrated "Giant's Causeway," which is one of the most remarkable and astonishing displays of regular rocks in the world. Long ranges of natural columns extend along the sea and land sides of the rocks, wherever the natural formation is extended to view; and a large hill is seen to be composed of blocks of stone, about a foot and a half high, and twelve or fourteen inches in diameter, fitted together with great precision.

But while the natural characteristics of Ireland excite our interest, it is impossible to look upon the state of society without pain. There we find the majority of the people in a state of poverty, ignorance and superstition, hardly equalled in any other country of Europe. The appearance of multitudes of them is too faithfully depicted in the figures repre-

sented in our frontispiece, as pursuing the travellers with petitions for alms.

An intelligent traveller, who has had an opportunity to compare the condition of Ireland with that of England, cannot fail to ask with emphasis, "What are the causes of so wide a difference?" Even to the eye of the least observant that difference is immense. Instead of the neat cottage, which even the English poor keep well furnished, clean and adorned with flowers, the Irish peasants show us the most wretched hovels, with ground-floors, destitute even of the most indispensable cooking utensils, and which the pigs inhabit as well as the family. In the report made by a Committee who visited the estate of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, the habitations of his tenants and "sub-tenants," were pronounced worse than could be found in almost any other country; and details were given of poverty and degradation scarcely credible to those who have not seen similar spectacles.

But a more particular acquaintance with the minds and habits of the people, will but still farther excite astonishment. They are found to be grossly ignorant of many subjects deemed important by the common people of England, and still more by our own countrymen; while they openly confess a belief in many things of the most false and puerile nature, and receive and act upon superstitious notions which would be rejected with contempt by our children at five years of age. In the concerns of life they are incompetent to perform well what little they undertake, and never think of attempting anything like an improvement. If we look into their families and neighborhoods, observe their daily occupations and understand their conversation, we shall find no appearance of any effort or impulse, tending to exalt or to purify either the minds or the habits of the people. There is a lamentable deficiency of the polish and liveliness of

the French peasantry, the dignity and gravity of the Spanish, the gentleness and sensibility of the Italians. The Irish have strong feelings, warm and ardent affections; and, when properly directed, they show that they are susceptible of improvement, and of taking a respectable rank among their fellowmen. Indeed, we should be slow to believe, that there is anything in that race, or any other on earth, which would disable it from attaining a high grade among the nations, if placed under the best influences of Christianity and good government.

Ireland was early visited by Christian missionaries, and is said, by some writers, to have long retained a pure faith, though often assailed and finally subdued by the false doctrines of Rome; and as a seat of learning she was honorably distinguished. But Romanism is capable of destroying all that Ireland ever possessed that was worth having, and much more. She has long been degraded, almost to the lowest degree, by the arrogant, but ignorant priests, who claim to control the future as well as the present destiny of the people.

Many of us have, of late years, been taught more of the wretchedness of the Irish, than we once had any conception of. We have been led to feel for them, and to exert ourselves for their benefit. We understand more clearly, the causes of their sufferings, both personal and national; and we are fully convinced that nothing but a fundamental religious reformation can ever materially improve their condition. The minds of the people at large are submissive to the priesthood, and their priests are generally men taken from the lowest grades of the people, who know nothing but what they are taught at Maynooth: an institution near Dublin, which inculcates the theology and morality of the Jesuits, which are not less opposed to the word of God than to the well being of mankind.

In Italy many of the priests are men

of better education and manners; and, although the condition of the Italians is lamentably low, it is in some respects above that of Ireland.

A great clamor is continually made for the freedom of the Irish, for the residence of their landlords upon their estates, and for other changes, which are represented as certain remedies for their misery. No doubt many believe that such benefits would flow from the means proposed: but do we find that our institutions, and numerous other advantages have power to raise their minds and habits when they dwell among us? No human being can take his proper place among his fellow creatures, who gives up his mind and soul to the dictation and disposal of another. The Roman system degrades the whole man, by depriving him of what alone makes him a man: the independent use of his judgment and will; and that system, as we have before remarked, is supreme in Ireland.

CHRISTIANITY. — Christianity, like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded by the wisdom of synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow; the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and, like the heart-smitten disciple, goes out and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the mourner, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of poor men and sits down with them and their children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through great cities amid all their pomp and splendor, their imaginable pride and their unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, correcting and redeeming angel. It is alike the beautiful companion of childhood and the comfortable associate of old age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet and the eloquent man, all derive their sublime power from its influence. — *Mary Howitt.*

OREGON.

Letters have been received at the British Home Mission Rooms, from Rev. Messrs. E. Fisher and H. Johnson, missionaries in Oregon.

They commenced their journey from Iowa with a numerous company of emigrants, early in April, 1845. They now inform us that they arrived at the Twallentine plains about the 5th December, having been upon the road about seven months and a half, and travelled more than 2500 miles.

Mr. Fisher says, "I bore my full proportion of the services of the company, and walked further in the performance of them than would cover the whole distance of the journey. Neither myself nor family laid off our clothing at night more than four or five times during the whole journey, always sleeping in our tent on the ground, so that we were worn down with protracted fatigue and care."—The hardships of their journey were increased by the rainy season setting in about 15 days before their arrival. They were kindly received by the people at their stations; and quartered for the winter in comparatively comfortable cabins, with the families of the occupants.

He and his family had suffered severely with camp fever, but had nearly recovered. With other slight exceptions they all had, up to the date of their last letters, enjoyed very good health.

Mr. Fisher says, "We were kindly received into the cabin of Brother George, where we have resided up to the present time.

It is a very small house, being only 18 by 22 feet, and although his family consists of thirteen persons and mine of six, and almost every night one, two, or three travellers stop for entertainment, yet we have passed the winter thus far as pleasantly as you could imagine under the circumstances, and probably more so than did a large portion of the last immigration, though, possibly, a little more straitened for room."

The brethren had commenced missionary labors, but the wide extent of country over which the settlers were scattered, the swollen state of the streams after a whole winter's rain, and the difficulty of crossing them, together with the necessity of providing for the comfort and support of their families, had proved serious obstacles. Nevertheless, says one

of them, I have preached every Lord's day but three, and am almost daily having intercourse with inhabitants from various parts of the country. I hope through them, the way is opening for more extensive labours very soon.

At present there is but one regularly organised Baptist Church in Oregon, but prospects of organizing two or three others, and exploring the country very extensively during the approaching dry season.

As yet there are but few schools in Oregon, on which account many of the inhabitants suffer much anxiety for their children. The Roman Catholics however are making great efforts to erect buildings to be devoted to purposes of education.

Our friends have already laid the foundation for primary schools, and have also commenced a Sunday School which promises success.

They are greatly in want of Sunday School Libraries; elementary school books on Geography, Grammar, Arithmetic, Natural Philosophy, Reading and Spelling, and earnestly desire their friends in this part of the country to provide for them, if not new books, at least second hand ones.

They also inquire if there are not friends who will be willing after reading their periodical religious pamphlets and Reviews, their Sermons and other religious literature, to send them to Oregon, where no such thing is at present to be obtained in any other way. They say, "we are almost in a heathen land, so far as the circulation of religious intelligence is concerned, while there is a readiness and eagerness on the part of the people generally to read anything from the United States. We know of no country where religious tracts would be read with more interest than in Oregon."

The following extract will be read with much interest.

The population from the States is estimated at about 5,000 or 6,000, and when once settled in their homes will extend up the river about 120 miles above this, and up the various tributaries from this downward to the lower mouth of the Willamette. At the mouth of the Columbia a strong settlement is begun, and another on Pugett's Sound.

It is in a great measure an unexplored country, except by trappers, who have

probably but little interest in judging of the fertility of the soil, and still less in publishing it to the world. I have travelled down the North Bank of the Columbia, on foot, from the dalls to Vancouver, from Vancouver to Twalletine Plains, and through the plains four times; and in other directions once or oftener, to the extent of 80 miles in one direction, and 28 miles in another, and I think I hazard nothing when I give it as my opinion that the fertility of the soil is scarcely excelled by land to the same extent in the Mississippi Valley. For the production of wheat it far exceeds any part of the United States. The crop never fails by winter killing, by blight, or by insects, and produces from 10 to more than 50 bushels to the acre, of the best wheat I ever saw.

All the small grains and vegetables do well as far as they have been tried, and turnips excel every thing I have before seen.

The climate, although rainy, is remarkably mild throughout the winter, and it is said is extremely fine during the remainder of the year.

It has been ascertained that there is a large extent of country north of the mouth of the Columbia river, reaching to Pugett's sound and back for perhaps more than a hundred miles, much of which is open and fertile and susceptible of immediate settlement. In other localities the same thing may be said of the fertility of the soil.

Towns must soon rise up on the banks of the river above and below us; and at the mouth of the Columbia and on the Sound cities will exist whose magnitude and importance will, in a great measure, depend upon the intelligence, virtue and enterprise of the people of the tributary country. Our climate, our soil, our timber and our water-power conspire to render our resources, as they are developed, great for the extent of territory, beyond that of any country which has fallen under my observation.

But we feel our necessities, and among them we greatly need a few discreet young brethren, who love our Lord and his cause, to come over and help us. They should be capable of teaching, and operating on the minds of the rising generation, so as to fit them for all the social and moral relations of man. We also greatly need brethren with families, ex-

ercising lively sympathies with the Churches of Christ—brethren of experience with whom the ministers can counsel, and of zeal to labour in various ways as may be necessary.

The door is fast opening for business men to enter this country on the coast and in the interior.—The facilities for immigration from the Eastern states by water are as good if not better than from the western land. Five hundred dollars invested in clothing or mechanics tools and brought around from New York or Boston is better than the same amount invested in cattle and waggons and sent over land from Missouri. Besides, the emigrants might sail in the autumn and arrive in the spring in time to make a crop.

Boxes, papers, or letters can be forwarded by any vessel from your seaports, addressed to Rev. Ezra Fisher, or Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, Oregon City, Oregon. The firm of Cushings at Newburyport, Mass., will probably send out a vessel every year. The firm of A. G. & A. W. Benson, No. 19 Old Slip, New York, may send one every six months. Or, if articles are sent by the way of the Islands, direct to the care of E. O. Hall, Financier of A. B. C. F. M., Honolulu, Oahu Island, and pay the freight. He will undoubtedly forward them by the earliest opportunity. We observe that J. Bishop & Co., No. 58 Liberty st., New York, have advertised a fine vessel to sail from New York for California and Oregon, early in November next.—*N. York Recorder.*

IOWA AND WISCONSIN, are now members of the family of the United States. Wisconsin contains about 50,000 square miles, and Iowa is still larger, having an area of nearly 60,000 square miles. The aggregate area of all the New England States is only 65,000, in round numbers. Both Iowa and Wisconsin together are but little more than half as large as Texas, their elder sister, which added at least 200,000 square miles to the organised territory of the Union. Florida added about 60,000 more. The aggregate area of the United States is now nearly 1,300,000 square miles. Iowa and Wisconsin are glorious states—more glorious for being forever secured against the pestilence of slavery. They are rich in natural resources.—*Boston Traveller.*

Valparaiso and the Chilians.

From the Letter of an American Naval Officer.

Valparaiso has a wild and picturesque aspect, as you approach it from the sea. Its buildings ascend over a steep succession of narrow parapets, like a lofty flight of stairs. The houses have seldom more than one story. They are built low to avoid the effects of earthquakes, and still a violent shake would dislodge many of them from their lofty positions. Once started, they would tumble several hundred feet before they brought up. The walls of these buildings are constructed of sun-baked brick; the wood-work is generally brought from England or the United States. The furniture with which they are garnished, is also brought from abroad. The mechanic arts here are in a very rude state. The stirrup of a native Chilian is enough to set a whole city in a roar. It is a large block of wood, with a hole in one side of it, into which the rider thrusts his toes, while his heel is armed with a spur heavy enough to furrow up the grass plots of a common garden. His hat towers cone-like above its narrow rim, while his poncho falls in heavy folds around his person. Thus accoutred, and on a steed sure of foot and full of fire, he dashes over hill and vale with the speed of the whirlwind. A company of circus riders came out here not long since, to astonish the Chilians with their feats of horsemanship. But they soon found they had brought their ware to a wrong market. The Chilians took the amusement out of their hands, and went at once so far ahead of them that they have not been heard of since.

Spanish blood runs in the veins of all the Chilians. This is quite as apparent in the women as the men. It is seen in their easy, stately carriage; their large, dark, overpowering eyes; and the rich carnation which blushes through their nut-brown cheeks. They wear no constricting stays; nature is left free in her functions and rich endowments. Beneath a short dress bounds a small foot, full of elastic, vigorous motion. No huge bonnet encumbers the head. A rich shawl falls in graceful drapery around the bust. They are pictures of health and animation. Mounted on a horse, they dash forward with the same fearless impetuosity as the men. Their diet is

coarse bread and grapes, or other fruit. As a class, they know nothing of the luxuries of the table, and seem to care as little. They are fond of music and dancing, and throw an energy into their motions, that would surprise even a Shaking Quaker, and make a whirling Dervish roll up his eyes.

Their houses are rude in their construction, and plain in their furniture. They prefer a spirited horse to all the Wilton carpets that ever yet sunk beneath the tread of an effeminate beauty. They are attached to their children and their homes. They have but little education, but they exhibit this little to the best advantage. They are intense lovers of freedom, and hate political, as much as they do domestic tyranny.

The Chilians have the elements of a strong and noble character. They will yet work out their social and political regeneration.—They have already made a great stride towards it, in thoroughly subjecting the military to the civil power. A better regulated police prevails in no city than in Valparaiso. There are more disturbances of the public peace in New York or Philadelphia in one night, than there are here in a year. Everything here looks to the prevention of offences. If for instance, a shop keeper leaves his goods exposed, some one connected with the watch takes them into his keeping, and the owner is obliged to pay for the protection which has been extended to them.

One of the great charms of Valparaiso is found in the society of the Americans and English who have been drawn here in commercial enterprises. They are intelligent, warm hearted, and hospitable. They have established good schools for their children, and maintain Protestant forms of religious worship. To these schools native children are admitted. They will become sources of influence that will make themselves felt in the Chilian nation.

W. C.

Baltimore is the largest tobacco mart in the world, and the money realized from the crops, yearly, is nearly \$2,000,000.

There are eight silk establishments in Massachusetts, which produced, during the last year, 22,500 lbs. of sewing silk, valued at \$150,477.

Saturday Thoughts.

The week is an ancient division of time, divinely appointed. The "two great lights," which God hath "set in the firmament of the heaven," are ordained to be "for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years." Were it not for our familiarity with the extinction of the day in the darkness of the night, we should be filled with wonder and amazement at the sublimity of the spectacle. Imagine the emotions of the person, who, in the maturity of his intellect, and in the intensity of his sensibility, should for the first time behold the portentous change. He might ask, is this darkness to be perpetual? Will the glorious sun never rise again? Has he in anger shut up the beautiful and bountiful fountain of light? Has the day departed forever? A few hours would remove his apprehensions, and begin to establish his experience. In all this, a moral lesson is silently but eloquently taught, which will be thankfully received, and diligently learned, by thinking and reflecting men. The close of the week! Who, that hath been accustomed to the wholesome employments and the quiet scenes of rural life, hath not felt the spirit of that hour stealing over him with a soft and subduing influence, as if some angelic minister were near, whispering of the approach of those sacred hours, sanctified and set apart by Heaven itself, for the repose of the troubled spirit of man? For it is not the wearied body alone that demands rest. It is the anxious mind; the spirit loaded with "carking cares;" the over-tasked intellect; the over-strung chords of existence, that have been perpetually vibrating to the touch of pleasure or of pain. Ah yes, pain in all its "sad variety." There are few persons, whose life is at all worthy of life's great end, who do not at the end of the week feel such an exhaustion of their physical, intellectual and moral being, as renders necessary a day of rest. Welcome, then, this precurrent hour; peaceful, holy Saturday night. The Puritan fathers called it the "beginning of holy time." The Puritan mothers weekly swayed the interior of the household on that evening, when the family were gathered around the outspread table, covered with "food for the mind," and especially adorned with the old Family Bible, their guardian on earth, and their guide to heaven.

But whether we commence our Sabbath technically with the setting of Saturday's sun, or at the "noon of night" that follows, the spirit should now begin to plume her wings for a higher and nobler flight than that of the expiring week, held through the low atmosphere of earth. With strong and steady pinions it should aspire to the source of light, and hope, and love. In the "Cotter's Saturday Night," we perceive not only the burning impress of fervid genius, but of strong moral feeling, inspired by one of the most beautiful aspects of human life—the peasant patriarch reading to his family the Word of God, and then all bowing together before the throne of the Eternal. Such are they who realize the truth of the wonderful words that come down from the oracles above: "Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of an humble and contrite spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones." How strong and enduring was the impression made on the mind of little Robert, afterwards the illustrious Burns, the greatest poet of Scotland to this hour, may be inferred from the qualities of that immortal strain, which many critics pronounce the best to which the inspiration of his genius has given birth. The remembrance of the Saturday night scene followed him through all the painful varieties of his subsequent life. It clung to him like some kind and gentle spirit, some wakeful and watchful genius, amidst the song of revelry and the roar of the bar-room; when the principles of virtue within had sustained the rudest shocks, and the external practice of this victim of temptation and poverty had dishonored the memory of his good old father, and the affection of a tender mother, then slumbering in the dust. Still he was the Cotter's son—a child of the covenant—his brow had been sprinkled with the baptismal waters, and on his head had been invoked the blessings of the covenant. Never could he forget the seriousness of a Scottish prayer or the sanctity of a Scottish Sabbath. Now "as face answereth to face in a glass, so the heart of man to man." Give the population of our country a Sabbath, then shall we realise our strength and glory, and we shall be called blessed.—*Journal of Commerce.*



BLOCK PRINTING.

Here the reader sees a simple but instructive picture of the simplest form of type-printing. It is performed with blocks of different sizes, having the letters or figures, which are to be impressed, made projecting from their faces, so that they will only touch the ink or dye, and afterwards the paper, or other substance which is to receive the impression.

The Chinese still adhere to this original form of printing in all their books, as the numerous forms of their single character, place great obstacles in the way of simplifying them; and we learn from the last reports of the Presbyterian Missionaries in China, that the new moveable metallic type, introduced by their society, have as yet come into use but in a limited degree. (See *Am. Penny Magazine*, Vol. I. p. 434.)

Our wood-engravers still cut in blocks of box-wood, everything which types cannot do, that is wanted for printing with them. Silks, calicoes, and other

figured cloths are still to a considerable extent printed with blocks used by hand, in the manner represented in our engraving. Paper-hangings for walls are also printed in the same manner.

The workman has a table before him, on which is spread a piece of silk, muslin or paper, according to the kind of printing in which he is engaged. A reel, or other apparatus is prepared, to draw away the printed part, and gradually to spread it upon bars or rollers overhead to dry. At his side stands a vessel containing the coloring matter, properly prepared, and thinly laid out upon some smooth substance, usually attended by a child, upon which he lays his block before each impression. A slight blow is given with a mallet to the block when laid down; the coloring matter being fluid or at least soft, the effect is produced without hard pressure.

Machinery of different kinds is used in calico-printing but less in Silk.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

This man, so much distinguished among American writers, as well as patriots and men of science, was of humble origin and education, and owed his eminence to his practical good sense and moral qualities. If he had felt the same attachment to the sources of intellectual and social good: for Christianity as for some of its fruits, it is difficult to say how much more truly great and useful he might have been. His life, however, affords striking lessons for the young and the poor, the humble and the obscure, on the value of moderate wishes, industry, temperance, economy and the love of knowledge; and happily we have his memoirs, written by his own hands, in a style of simplicity, well adapted to the intelligence and feelings of those classes of readers most likely to derive benefit from their perusal.

He was born in Boston in 1706, and at first worked with his father, who was a soap-maker and tallow chandler, and afterwards with his uncle, who was a printer. This latter business, as has often been the case, afforded him opportunities to obtain a species of literary education, which influenced his subsequent life. In consequence of some dissatisfaction, he left Boston, and lived for sometime in

Philadelphia, in indigence, striving to support himself by his trade. After a time, receiving encouragement and aid from Governor Keith, he went to England, whence he returned in 1726, and established a newspaper, which, in consequence of its originality and good sense, became popular. In the year 1730 he married; and two years afterwards, commenced the publication of a work which will always be read with pleasure and profit: "Poor Richard's Almanac," abounding in practical pithy advice and amusing and instructive anecdotes. Ten thousand copies were sold in one year, which, in the existing state of our country, was truly great. In 1736 he was appointed clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania; and, two years later, Postmaster of Philadelphia.

Aided by the Penn family, Collinson and others, he founded the Public Library of Philadelphia in 1830; an institution now in a very flourishing condition. In 1738 he formed an Association for Protection from Fire. In 1744 he made known the nature of electricity and lightning, and the use of lightning rods, by publishing a letter to Collinson.

He bore some part in military as well as civil affairs; and after producing the

passage of the militia bill, he received the appointment of Colonel of the Philadelphia district. In 1757 he visited England again, but not in the humble character of a journeyman printer in want of work. He went as agent for Pennsylvania, and was welcomed with honor by men of science, being made a member of the Royal Society, and received the Degree of Doctor of Laws from the Universities of St. Andrews, Edinburgh and Oxford. During a subsequent visit to London, he was examined before the House of Commons on the American Affairs, which had then begun to excite much attention, and displayed his characteristic good sense, knowledge and patriotism.

He was a member of the General Colonial Congress of 1775, and a member of the Committee which reported the Declaration of Independence; and was active in sustaining the cause of the country during the Revolution. He was appointed Agent to France, to conclude the treaty between the United States and that kingdom, and sailed to Nantes with a cargo of tobacco, appropriated to meet the expenses of his embassy. The King and court received him with much distinction at Paris, where the treaty was consummated, and war declared against Great Britain. Franklin afterwards formed amicable relations for our country with Prussia and Sweden; and after his return home in 1785, he was elected Governor of Pennsylvania. In that office he continued his exertions in promotion of public peace and prosperity.

Franklin died on the 18th of April, 1790, at the age of 84 years and 3 months; and his loss was testified by a public mourning of two months. He left a large estate, accumulated by industry and economy, for the benefit of various charitable and useful institutions. His great services to science and liberty have been recorded, with truth, beauty and force, in the following Latin line of Turgot:

"Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis."

[He wrested the lightning from the clouds, and the sceptre from tyrants.]

Comets.

In Dr. Lardner's Lecture on Comets he announced that, according to the calculation of Arago, our system is visited regularly by 7,500,000 comets. The French astronomer has by actual observation ascertained that within the orbit of Mercury 30 comets regularly have their perihelion—that is, have their nearest turning point to the sun; and the same is true of any other equal amount of space in any other part of the solar system. He estimates too that he can observe but half the comets, and from measuring the whole space within the limits of Herschell, a calculation brings out the result of 7,500,000. Comets are a vaporous substance, the extreme tenuity or thinness of which may be illustrated by the fact that stars have been distinctly seen through the head of a comet, which head was 30,000 miles in diameter. A very light fog that! The comet of last year, he thinks must have touched the sun. It is a fact, he affirms, that comets with each revolution approach nearer the sun; and he argues that they probably leave, and must again become merged in that great luminary.

MANNER OF NAMING COUNTRIES.—The origin of the word Canada, is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made particular search for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves "aca nada," (there is nothing here.) The Indians, who watched them closely, learned this sentence and its meaning.—After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians who wanted none of their company, and supposed they also were Spaniards, and on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost by tarrying in that country, and incessantly repeated to them the Spanish sentence 'aca nada.' The French who knew as little of the Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country, and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.—*Selected.*

The Halls of the Montezumas.

"Montezuma II. ascended the Mexican throne A. D. 1602, at the age of 23, before Mexico had been discovered by Europeans. He died 30th June, 1620, in the 42d year of his age, of wounds inflicted by the Spanish discoverers, whom he had invited to his royal palace. Historians agree in admiring his character.

On ascending the throne, not content with the spacious residence of his father, he erected another, much more magnificent, fronting on the plaza mayor of the present city of Mexico. So vast was this great structure, that, as one of the historians informs us, the space covered by its terraced roof might have afforded room for thirty knights to run their course in a regular tourney. His father's palace, though not so high, was so extensive that the visitors were too much fatigued in wandering through the apartments, ever to see the whole of it.

The palaces were built of red stone, ornamented with marble, the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle bearing a tiger in his talons) being sculptured over the main entrance. Crystal fountains, fed by great reservoirs on the neighboring hills, played in the vast halls and gardens, and supplied water to hundreds of marble baths in the interior of the palaces. Crowds of noble and tributary chieftains were continually sauntering through the hills, or loitering away their hours in attendance on the court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the ceilings, beautiful mats of palm leaf covered the floors. The walls were hung with cotton richly stained, the skins of the wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather work wrought in imitation of birds, insects and flowers, in glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense from golden censers diffused intoxicating odors through splendid apartments occupied by the *nine hundred and eighty* wives and five thousand slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science and learning, and public schools were established throughout the greater part of the empire. The city of Mexico in his day numbered twice as many inhabitants as at present, and one thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean that a man could traverse the whole city with as little danger of soiling his feet as his hands. A careful police guarded the

city. Extensive arsenals, graneries, houses for reptiles and serpents, a collection of human monsters, fishponds built of marble, and museums and public libraries, all on the most extensive scale, added their attractions to the great city of the Aztecs. Gorgeous temples—in which human victims were sacrificed, and their blood baked in bread, or the bodies baked for food to be devoured by the people at religious festivals—reared their pyramidal altars far above the highest edifices. Thousands of their brother men were sacrificed annually. The temple of Maxtli their war god, was so constructed that its great alarm gong, sounding to battle, roused the valley for three leagues around and called three hundred thousand armed Aztecs to the immediate relief of their monarch.

So vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a building devoted to them, that 500 turkeys, the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed for their consumption. Such were the "Halls of the Montezumas."—The summer residence of the monarch, on the hill of Chapoltapec, overlooking the city, was surrounded by gardens of several miles in extent, and here were preserved, until the middle of the last century, two statues of the Emperor and his father. The great cypress trees under which the Aztec sovereign and his associates once held their midnight revels, still shade the royal gardens. Several of them, fifty feet in circumference, seem several thousand years old, but are yet as green as in the days of Montezuma, whose ashes or those of his ancestors, render sacred, in the eyes of the native Mexicans, the hill of Chapoltapec.—Natural decay and a waning population now mark the seat of power of the great Montezumas.—*Selected.*

The Spaniards excused their war against the Mexicans, by the cruelties practised by the latter. We have no such apology.

POOR PAY.—"What's the matter, uncle Jerry?" said Mr.—, as old Jeremiah K. was passing by, growling most ferociously.

"Matter?" said the old man; "why, I've been luggin' water all the morning for Mr. D.'s wife to wash with, and what d'ye suppose I got for it?"

"About ninepence."

"Ninepence! She told me the doctor would pull a tooth for me sometime!"

Country Paper.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Biography of Rev. John Campbell.

I am going to tell you about a little Scotch boy, who grew up to be a famous traveller, and, what was much better, a missionary traveller. His name was John Campbell.

He was born in Edinburgh, March, 1766. When he was two years old, his father died; and when he was six years old, his dear mother died, and he was left a poor little orphan boy. A kind aunt and uncle took him and his two brothers under their care, and brought them up in the fear of God.

John was very fond of travelling when he was quite a little boy, and when he was a very old man, he wrote an account of his early journeys. The first he ever had was in a stage-coach for about two miles. He felt quite sure that the houses and trees were running past him, and that he was sitting still on his mother's lap. "As for the horses dragging us," he says, "I never thought of that, as I did not see them." The first time he went by himself, was from his mother's house to his uncle's. He had to pass between some rows of trees, and was wonderfully amused to find that the sun seemed to travel along with him. He ran with all his might from one tree to another, but the sun was always there as soon as he. Then he ran back, and was still more surprised to find that the sun seemed to go back with him.

When he grew a bigger boy, he and one of his brothers thought it would be a treat indeed, if they could but get to see the cities of St. Andrew's and Perth. They talked a great deal about it, and asked many questions of older friends. They saved money for a long time till they had thirty shillings. Then they hired two little horses to ride on, and started at five o'clock on a fine summer morning. They were out three days, travelled altogether a hundred miles, saw all they wished to see, spent all their money, and got home tired enough, about one o'clock in the morning. Some time after, they made a much longer journey on foot.

While John was still a youth, his uncle died, and when he was twenty, his brothers died. Their uncle's holy life and happy death led them all to think

about their souls. John prayed very much, and thought he would give any thing to be a Christian. He did not feel happy, however, for a good many years.

At last he was brought to give up his heart to Jesus, and to feel that he could safely trust his soul in the hands of his dear Redeemer. Then he felt quite happy. Then he thought that he never could do enough to show his love. He had tried to do good before, but often with a heavy heart. Now, it was all pleasure. I will tell you some of the ways in which he tried to do good.

He began with visiting the sick and poor in the garrets of Edinburgh. He used to read the Bible to them, and pray with them, and relieve their wants. He spent his spare time in this way, and his spare money too. He was very kind to orphans, and did all he could to help them. He knew how to pity them, for he was himself an orphan. He used also to write a great many letters to give good advice, or to comfort those who were in trouble. There were no Bible or Tract Societies. It came into his mind that it would be a good thing to print tracts to give away. Soon after, he set up two Sunday evening schools for children. He paid a good man to teach one of them and the other he taught himself. About the same time, he began to travel again, but not in the same way as when he was a boy, just to amuse himself. He printed a great many tracts for the purpose, and then he and another friend hired a large chaise, and filled it with tracts, and went all over Scotland, preaching at different places, and giving tracts to all the people whom they met. He made several of these journeys. He persuaded the good people at different places to set up Sunday schools. After one week's journey, he heard that sixty schools had been set up.

Mr. Campbell was very fond of children, and he knew just what they liked. There were then no nice little books for children. Almost all the books that were made for them were little sermons, and full of hard words. Mr. Campbell had a little cousin named Mary Campbell, about nine or ten years old. She was under his care, and he loved her very much. He found a little book, a pious address to children, of eighteen pages of small print, without one stop in the middle. He thought he would try whether

it would do for Mary, so one day after dinner, he told her he had a nice book for her, written on purpose for children like her. She seemed much pleased, and began to read it eagerly. When she had turned over the second leaf, he saw that she was surprised that there was no end of a chapter in sight. Then she turned over the third leaf, to see if there was an end there. Mr. Campbell said, "Go on, Mary; it's very good." After a little while, he saw her peep over the fourth leaf, and seeing no end of a chapter, she put her arms over her head, and said, "Am I obliged to read all this at one sitting?" "No, Mary," he said, "you may go to play," and she ran off like a prisoner set free.

While Mary was at play, Mr. Campbell thought he would try to write something which she would like better. He wrote the first chapter of "Worlds displayed." After dinner next day, he gave her this to read, and sat down to his desk. Mary did not look over the leaves to see for the end this time. She read to the end without once looking off the paper, and when she had done, she asked for some more. "No," said he, "that is enough for one day, but if you behave well, you shall have just such another tomorrow after dinner." She did not forget to ask him for it next day. He wrote more every day, and he was tired first, and obliged to tell Mary that she must begin and read them over again. After that, he had them printed in an eight-penny book, and found that other children liked them as well as Mary did. He afterwards wrote many other little books for children. He also helped to begin the Youth's Magazine.

After Mr. Campbell had been employed some years in preaching and teaching, and printing tracts, and writing little books, he wished to be a minister and he went to Glasgow to learn to be one. About this time, the missionary societies were begun. In 1802, he went to London to attend the meetings. You cannot think how delighted he was with the missionary services, and with meeting so many good people. He was asked to give out a hymn after one of the missionary sermons. This was the greatest treat of all. He thought it such an honor to have anything to do at such a time. Afterwards he came to London again, and became a minister at Kingsland.

In 1812, Mr. Campbell was asked by the missionary society to go to Africa, and visit the missionary stations. He set sail on the 24th of June. When he reached the Cape of Good Hope, who do you think was the first to welcome him there? One of the orphan boys whom he had taken care of in Edinburgh. He had turned out well, and grown a rich man. He was surprised and delighted indeed to see his kind friend, Mr. Campbell, and took him to his own home, and made him stay there while he was at the Cape.

When everything there was ready, Mr. Campbell started on his journey. Do you know how people travel in South Africa? Not in post-chaises, or four-horse coaches, or steam-carriages, on smooth turnpike-roads, or smoother railroads. No; but in waggons without springs, drawn by twelve, fourteen or sixteen oxen. They go at the rate of about two miles an hour, not so fast as a little boy can walk. Mr. Campbell took some of the converted Hottentots to lead and drive the oxen, and two women, Elizabeth and Sarah, to wash and cook. He had two waggons at the beginning. When he came to the wild and savage parts, he was obliged to have three. This was the order in which they went then:

1. Eight bushmen riding on oxen.
2. Baggage waggon and twelve oxen.
3. A bushman on ox-back, and a guide on horseback.
4. Mr. Campbell's waggon and ten oxen.
5. A flock of sheep and goats.
6. The third waggon and ten oxen.
7. A chief and his son on ox-back.
8. The spare oxen.
9. The armed Hottentots, walking scattered.

"The whole," says Mr. Campbell, "formed a curious caravan."

There was no proper road. Sometimes the way was through the plains of deep sand; sometimes over stones, so rough that Mr. Campbell was glad to walk, instead of being almost shaken to pieces in the waggon, and what he calls "the stop-a-while bushes," would sometimes tear great pieces off his clothes. Often the way was dreadfully steep. When they came to rivers, there were no bridges; they had to look for a ford, and get over as well as they could. Once they stuck in the mud for an hour. There were no inns, or neat cottages in that wilderness,

so that at night they made great fires to keep off the lions, and slept in the wag-gons. For three months, Mr. Campbell was only once in a bed. The sun was so hot, that the butter turned to oil; the ink got thick in a few minutes, the thirsty flies drank it from the pen as he wrote; and the dogs lay panting, with their tongues hanging out, in the shade. Water was often dreadfully scarce. When they reached the banks of the Great Orange River, the oxen plunged through the thickets, and down the steep sides, till they reached the water. They held up their tails for delight, and the travellers were as glad as they.

As for Mr. Campbell's dangers from wild bushmen and lions and serpents and pit-falls, you must read them for yourselves in his Travels. He visited many tribes of the Bushmen, Caffres, and Bechuanas, and went along the borders of the Great Orange River, westward, till he came to the Great Namaqua Land, not far short of Africaner's krael. Thus he who sometimes before went about Scotland persuading people to set up Sunday-schools, now went about among the wild people of South Africa, persuading them to have missionaries. He travelled altogether about three thousand miles.

The most remarkable place that Mr. Campbell visited was Lattakoo, in the Bechuana country. When he came home, he had so many stories to tell of what he had seen and heard there, that he was afterwards called Mr. Campbell of Lattakoo. The poor people there were in a sad, sad state, when Mr. Campbell found them, but Mr. Moffat has since told us so much about them that we need not begin upon that. They made many objections to having missionaries. One man said, that while they were praying, they should not see an enemy coming. Mr. Campbell said, "You can set one to watch, and two eyes will do as well as twenty." At last he persuaded the king to let the missionaries come, and Mothibi said, "Send missionaries. I will be a father to them."

After two years, Mr. Campbell returned to England, and reached London four days before the missionary meetings. Oh how delighted were all the good people to see him, and to hear his interesting accounts! For years after, they were never tired of hearing, nor he of telling.

In 1820, he went to Africa again. He found that there had been some pleasant changes since his first visit. Africaner, then a robber and an outlaw, was now a Christian. Mr. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton were busy in missionary work at Latakoo, and there was a comfortable chapel, and a long row of missionary houses, with nice gardens behind. On this journey, Mr. Campbell went higher up the country, to Kurrechane, the chief town of the Baharutsi, and to places where white men had never been seen before. He lived nearly twenty years after his return to England, employing himself in helping different societies, and speaking at missionary meetings, besides preaching to, and visiting, his own people. He was happy and kind, trying to do good to everybody, and beloved by all good people to the last. He was taken ill in March 1840, and his illness ended in death. At first he felt troubled, because he thought he had not done half enough for his Savior, but this trouble soon passed away, and all was peace. When his mind wandered, he talked of Africa, and missionary meetings, and missionary friends. On the day of his death, he said to his wife, "Do not grieve. There is nothing melancholy in dying and going to glory." As the last gleam of the setting sun fell on his dying bed, he smiled, and sighed, and gently breathed his last. He spent a long life in the service of Jesus, and died at the age of seventy-four.—*Day Spring.*

LET ME GO.—A little before Mr. Williams left the Navigators to take native teachers and locate them on the islands to the westward, a blind chief came into the house and said, "Teacher Williams, I am a blind man, but I have a great desire to go with you to the dark lands. Perhaps my being blind will make them pity me, and not kill me; and whilst I can talk to them and tell them of Jesus, my boy (placing his hand on the head of his son, an interesting youth), can read and write, and so we can teach these things." It is scarcely possible to conceive anything more affecting and truly interesting than to see this pious, intelligent and venerable chieftain, moved by love to Christ and compassion for souls, coming to the missionary, and expressing his "great desire" to leave his native country, and hazard his life.—*Pritchard.*

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POETRY.

A Psalm of Death.

'DEAR, beauteous Death! the jewel of the
just,
Shining no where but in the dark,
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could we overlook that mark!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

I.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death;
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

II.

'Shall I have nought that is fair,' saith he:
Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet
to me,
I will give them all back again.'

III.

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

IV.

'My Lord has need of these flowrets gay,'
The Reaper said, and smil'd:
'Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.'

V.

'They all bloom bright in fields of light,
'Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.'

VI.

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
But she knew she should find them all again,
In the fields of light above.

VII.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

L.

[Knickerbocker.]

Consolation.

Pilgrim burthened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears;

Watch!—for saving grace is nigh!
Wait—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gates rejoice,
Safe and sealed, and bought and blest.
Safe from all the lures of vice,
Sealed by signs the chosen know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy Pilgrim! what for thee,
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

ENIGMA.—NO. 21.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 2, 14, 3, 9, is a volcanic mountain.
My 14, 4, 8, 7, was a celebrated Swiss Pa-
triot.
My 6, 1, 6, 15, 4, is a famous stone.
My 14, 12, 3, 2, is a river in England.
My 4, 11, 5, 8, is a title of nobility.
My 7, 13, 3, 11, is a river in Siberia.
My 15, 12, 5, 16, is a city mentioned in the
Bible.
My 9, 5, 6, 7, is an inland sea.
My 10, 12, 3, 16, is a lake of Scotland.
My whole is the name of a distinguished
foreigner, who risked his life in defence of
American freedom.

H. C. B.

Solution of Enigma No. 20, p. 624.—Olive,
Lyre, Hop, River, Hor, Loire, Po.—Oliver H.
Perry.

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